*Haſt.* So proſper I, as I ſweare perfect loue:
*Ri.* And I as I loue *Haſtings* with my heart.
*King.* Maddam, your ſelfe is not exempt in this,
Nor your ſonne *Dorſet*, *Buckingham*, nor you,
You haue beene factious one againſt the other:
Wife, loue Lord *Haſtings*, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you doe, doe it vnfainedly.
*Qu.* Here *Haſtings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thriue I and mine.
*Dorſ.* Thus enterchange of loue, I here proteſt,
Vpon my part ſhall be vnuiolable.
*Haſt.* And ſo I ſwere my Lord.
*King.* Now princely *Buckingham* ſeale vp this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me happy in this vnity.
*Buck.* When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh me
With hate, in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt neede to imploy a friend,
And moſt aſſured, that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me: This doe I begge of God
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
*King.* A pleaſing cordiall Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow vnto my ſickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother *Glocester* here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

*Enter Glocester.*

*Buck.* And in good time here comes the noble Duke.
*Glo.* Good morrow to my ſoueraigne King and Queene,
And princely Peares, a happy time of day.
*King.* Happy indeed as we haue ſpent the day,
Brother we haue done deeds of charity:
Made peace of emnity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong inſcenſed Peares.
*Glo.* A bleſſed labour moſt ſoueraigne Liege,
Amongſt this Princely heape, if any here
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,

Hold



Hold me a foe, if I vnwitting
Haue thought committed tha
By any in this preſence, I de
To reconcile me to his freindl
Tis death to me to be at emn
I hate it and deſire all good m
First Maddam I intreat peace o
Which I purchace with my du
Of you my noble couſen *Buck*
If euer any grudge were lod
Of you my Lord *Riuers*, and
That all without deſart haue fr
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentler
I do not know that Engliſhma
With whom my ſoule is any ic
More then the infant that is bo
I thanke my God for my humil
*Qu.* A holy day ſhall this b
I would to God all ſtrife were
My ſoueraigne leige I do beſe
To take our brother *Clarence*, t
*Glo.* Why Maddam, haue I
To be thus ſcornd in this royal
Who knowes not that the nob
You doe him iniury to ſcorne h
*Ri.* Who knowes not he is
*Qu.* All ſeeing heauen, w
*Buc.* Looke I ſo pale Lord *D*
*Dor.* I my good Lord and no
But his red colour hath forſoo
*Kin.* Is *Clarence* dead? the
*Glo.* But He poore ſoule by c
And that a winged Mercury di
Some tardy cripple bore the cou
That came too lagge to ſee him
God graunt that ſome leſſe nob
Neerer in bloody thoughts, bu
Deſerue not worſe then wretch
And yet goe currant from ſuſ

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.62)